

But they did. They all lingered until after Si had gone, and then they talked it over. The result was that the next day Si Long received but one vote for town marshal.

The next morning the whole town gathered around the lock-up, and Si Long among the rest. He was left severely alone, for he was for the time an out-cast. The assembly was waiting for Eben to make the arrest. At nine o'clock he stumped into the circle. To their surprise he passed Si Long with a nod of greeting and walked to the centre of the group. Every eye was on him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "and ladies, I said I would arrest some one for stealing ther spotted pig off of Widow Mikesell. I am here ter do et. Gentlemen an' ladies, I hereby arrest myself accordin' ter law fer stealing Widow Mikesell's spotted pig!"

There was a murmur of surprise, and then Bumstead found his tongue.

"Yer don't mean ter say yer stole thet pig, Eben?" he cried in amazement.

"I ain't sayin' nothin' ter incriminate myself," said Eben, "all I say is I arrest myself fer stealin' ther pig." I said I'd do et, an' here I am. It's fer ther judge an' jury ter prove me guilty." He paused and smiled, "ef they can," he added.

"Well, where's the pig?" asked Si Long. "I 'low you dont need no more pigs 'n you've got."

"How kin I tell where the pig is?" asked Eben. "I ain't seen ther spotted pig. You must think I stole et!"

"An didn't you?" asked Sol Gregg.

"Thet aint fer me ter say," said Eben.

"Here I be, arrested accordin' ter law. Do what yer want ter. I aint got no more ter say."

The Widow Mikesell had been in the front row, leaning forward eagerly to hear every word. Her spotted pig had seemed quite within her grasp, and now it was gone again. The mystery was deeper than ever.

Suddenly she threw up her hands and uttered an exclamation.

"For mercy sake!" she cried. "Well, may I be blessed!"

"What's the matter?" asked some one near her.

"Well bless my soul," she exclaimed, "was ever such things known! I've found my spotted pig!"

"Your pig!" cried half a dozen.

"My pig!" she echoed. "I carried him in-ter ther cyclone house when ther wind come up an' I never brought him up out o' it. My poor, dear little pig, he'll be starved ter death!"

She vanished in a hurry and the crowd dispersed.

"Well," said Eben Dilworth, "I done my duty."

"And 'lected yerself marshal, b'gosh," said Bumstead. "They ain't no flies on you, Eben."

What the Kamaaina Told the Malihini.

A True Lie.

"Let me see," began the Kamaaina, as he settled himself more comfortably in an easy chair on the lanai, "it must have been in the year 1820 something or another, that my adventure came to pass. You must bear in mind the fact that Hawaii-nei was a very different place at that time to what it is now. The road to Waikiki, for instance, was little better than a trail. The natives of that period were very unlike these we meet on the streets of Honolulu to-day; they had not begun to appreciate the full benefits of civil-

ization; they had not even learned the gentle art of making swipes and okolehao.

Wild pigs and wild dogs roamed over the sides of Diamond Head, which place, by the way, was the scene of my adventure.

It so happened that a party of scientific men had come to the Islands to make some observations of the transit of Venus, which was due and visible about that time, and at that place.

For the purposes of their astronomical observations they had erected a sort of temporary observatory on the south side of Diamond Head. I was a guest of the party, one of which was an old college chum of mine.

One night we had been sitting outside the door of our tent: there were six of us in the party, and every one had some yarn to spin, some hair-breadth escape or blood-curdling adventure to relate. One had seen more or less bush life in New Zealand, two others had been with a scientific expedition in Borneo, another had hunted big game in South Africa, so that material for stories was not lacking. I had told my best Kahuna story, and so we lounged outside in one of Hawaii's famous moonlight nights, smoking our pipes, and "swapping lies" until about 11:30 when we all turned in.

I had been asleep an hour or so when I was suddenly awakened by a most piercing yell. I sprang up and looked around at my companions, all of whom appeared to be sleeping soundly, however, and snoring in noisy discord. I concluded that either I or one of the others had been the victim of a nightmare, and so lay down once more and was soon sound asleep; but again I was aroused with a start by that horrible cry, accompanied by moaning, as of some human in pain. I sprang to the door of the tent, from which direction the sounds appeared to come, and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget to my dying day, a sight which chilled my blood and made my hair stand erect on my head, for there, a short distance from where I stood, lying on his face, in a position in which he had evidently been dragged, lay my friend.

Poor chap, his forehead was pierced by a tiny round hole, from which a small red stream oozed and trickled down his cheek; and there, about ten feet further away, crouching on a cracker box, and half hidden by a poi barrel, sat a mosquito picking his teeth with a bullock's horn."

"I feel faint," gasped the Malihini, "A poi cocktail—quick!"

H. M. M.

THERE is quite a lively game going on between the hack drivers of the town and Marshal Brown. The trouble seems to be between two conflicting clauses in the ordinance regulating hacks. It appears to the uninitiated, that a hackdriver ought to have the privilege of standing outside of a dry goods store, until a party of ladies have got through shopping, when they have ordered the hack to wait, without being arrested and taken to the station house by the mandate of a foolish ordinance. Marshal Brown is undoubtedly doing his duty—but there is sometimes foolish legislation, and conflicting regulations might be winked at in the interest of public convenience.

Notice to the Public.

During the time required for the reorganization of the Press Publishing Co. it was deemed advisable, by those interested, to refrain for several weeks from issuing AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY, because of the inconvenience and expense of publishing the paper from an office alien to the interests of the people it represented. In the meantime this journal has been sold to the Press Publishing Co., and that company, under its original charter, has been reorganized, and will henceforth be known as THE AUSTIN PUBLISHING CO. Application has been made to the Minister of the Interior for the change of name and for such other amendments of the charter that are necessary to carry out the plans of reorganization.

Besides retaining as subscribers to stock in the reorganized corporation all of the old stockholders, the new company has sold stock to such eminent personages and corporations as H. Hackfeld & Co., F. A. Schaefer, Thomas Rain Walker, B. F. Dillingham, M. P. Robinson, Bruce Cartwright, W. R. Castle, Samuel Parker, Edward Politz, W. G. Irwin & Co., W. J. Lowrey, John Nott, T. May, and many others who have standing in the community. Such remarkable indorsements of the prospectus, set forth in full on page 10, cannot but mean success to the new enterprise. After the first sixty days, which will be required to whip the new company into shape, it is proposed to pay one per cent a month in dividends (12 per cent a year) upon all preferred stock. The management is pledged to this line of policy.

AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY is irrevocably pledged, in future political issues, to the policy of Hawaii for the Hawaiians, home rule in local politics as against "carpet bagging," and to the conserving of all established interests and business concerns now in the Territory. It will be conservative in tone, but will fearlessly fight the battle against the inevitable influx of American ward politicians and Federal official carpet-baggers whose only object is *boodle*.

It is arranged with the new company that all subscribers to AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY duly registered upon the company's books shall be continued and their subscription re-dated from to-day to continue for the time allotted by their receipts. This entitles all subscribers who have paid up to all papers they have already received free of cost.

The eight issues already published by the private enterprise of Mr. Franklin Austin will be considered the first volume and can be bound separately. Any person desiring to have the numbers bound can do so at reasonable terms at our bindery. All subscribers who have not received the paper from the beginning, by calling at the office can obtain the missing numbers free of cost if they desire the volume bound.

At a meeting of the Austin Publishing Co. held Sept. 20th, the following officers were elected: M. P. Robinson, President; Franklin Austin, Manager; Allan Dunn, Auditor; C. L. Clement, Secretary and Treasurer; Directors, Thomas Rain Walker, J. Gordon Spencer, Thomas G. Thrum.